# THE APOSTATES.

## A POEM.

*Written by the Author of the*

## FOREIGNERS.

Jutebsin

*LONDON;*

Printed for *M. Fabian* at *Mercers*-Chappel in *Cheapside.* 1701.

# THE

# POSTATES.

## A

## POEM.

Written by the Author of the

## FOREIGNERS.

LONDON:

Printed for M. Fabian at Mercer's-Chappel in
Cheapside. 1701.

# THE APOSTATES.

ART thou, dear *Iſrael!* ſtill the Butt of Fate?
How many Miſchiefs on thy Fortunes wait!
What diſmal Ruin thy ſad Fate attends!
Foe to thy ſelf, and deſtitute of Friends!
Thy People Rules of Reaſon do buffoon,
And change their looſe Opinions with the Moon:
They ſue for Fetters, and for Bondage crave,
And never know what they themſelves would have;
Sometimes their Kings beneath their Rage have fell,
And *Holy Cauſe* hath made the Saints rebel:
Some Kings on *Scaffolds* have receiv'd their Doom,
Some *Abdicated*, they have Baniſh'd ſome:
Then *Parliaments* were Sacred held, they told
Such their Wiſe Conſtitution was of old.
But when the Senate does their Humours thwart,
They grow perverſe, and miſchievouſly tart;
The Senate's Rights they raſhly do invade,
And curſe the *Idols* which their Hands have made:
No Tyrant's Crimes they ever yet diſown'd,
But paſſive Saints beneath the Burden groan'd;

Did but the Tyrant ſeemingly eſpouſe
Their *Holy Cheat* with ſolemn Oaths and Vows.
So vain's their Temper, and ſo great's their Pride,
All Kings are Tyrants to the other Side;
And if their Actions don't their *Genius* ſute,
The zealous *Mob* themſelves are Abſolute.
Unhappy *Iſrael!* ruin'd by thy Foes,
And all thy Land but one great *Bedlam* grows!

Whatever Bleſſing this ſad Nation wants,
Good God! defend us from *Apoſtate* Saints.
Thoſe very Saints who in the days of yore,
Againſt the *Beaſt* their Teſtimony bore;
The Paths of Perſecution bravely trod,
And ſerv'd their Country in the Name of God,
Now quit their Freedoms and their Antient Rights,
And make Themſelves and Us but *Gibeonites*:
Sure Signs before they a ſham Fight maintain'd,
And that their fam'd Devotion was but feign'd.
Wealth they acquire by moſt ſiniſter Ends;
And when in Office, ſell their deareſt Friends.
Oppreſt with Gold, the Zealot waxeth faint,
Unrighteous *Mammon* overcomes the Saint:
Greaſe well their Fiſts but with the Golden Ore,
They will ten thouſand Devildoms adore!
How did they formerly with zealous Heat
The Pulpit-Drum againſt lewd Courtiers beat!

But now debauch't the Courtiers they prefer,
And *Israel* quit, with *Egypt* to adhere;
Such Senators they chuse that will engross
The Publick Treasure to the Kingdom's Loss;
Their Crimes they sanctify what'ere they are,
For of the Purchase all the Saints have share.
You may by Borrowing Clauses them enslave,
The Pious Eight *per Cent.* is all they crave:
Let 'em by treble Interest but thrive,
They'll quickly raise what lavish Senates give;
Tho on design to make the Nation poor,
What is't to them, if they encrease their Store?
Lay Funds aside, they'll grumble as before.

Most Sacred Interest! God of all the Earth;
Tho thou from Darkness dost derive thy Birth,
Thou like the Sun dost shine within our Sphere,
All Men thy Godhead do on Earth revere!
Into each Conscience thou dost slily creep,
Thou spreadst thy Empire o're the mighty Deep!
By Rules unknown thou govern'st ev'ry Heart;
Thou art the *All in All in ev'ry Part:*
Who with Devotion han't thy Godhead nam'd,
If not hereafter, yet on Earth are damn'd.

That Land abounds in nauseous Knaves and Fools,
Where Crimes are sanctifi'd, and Interest rules;
Where private Ends embaras the Affairs
Of Infant-peace just sprung from bloody Wars:

Theſe Leeches think no Times are ever good
But ſuch as drain our Pockets and our Blood:
Yet they in Battel never take delight;
They're bred to plunder, and not born to fight;
The little Dogs that yelp out diſmal Fears,
And ſet the reſt together by the Ears;
Talk of Invaſions, and ſtrange Frights from far,
And diſmal Dangers are approaching near:
*Egypt* the *Moon* and *Iſrael* will invade,
Vacate the *Funds*, and ſpoil the *Owling Trade*:
Can *Chequer Bills* oppoſe their furious Sallies?
Can Souldiers e're be knock'd on head with *Tallies*?
No, no, their Trade is on another ſcore,
They kill the Men in Pay were dead before:
Strange Senate! would no Taxes new create,
And give the Saints a liberty to cheat!
Who like vile Parracides at all times wou'd
Prefer their Intereſt to their Country's Good.

*Legions* of theſe combine againſt the *State*,
Diſorders raiſe, and Miſchiefs new create;
Some in *Petitions* do the State lampoon;
Some drop *Memorials* from the very Moon,
Which Men unknown, unheard-of, do ſubſcribe,
Both for themſelves, as alſo for their Tribe:
A Tribe moſt Glorious, tho it is unknown,
Who with Applauſe have Deeds of Darkneſs done.

Of all the Tribes that would our Senate awe,
And make their Rights ſtoop to the Rabble's Laws,
*Dan* above all deſerves our juſteſt Praiſe
E're ſince *Jack Cade*'s and famous *Tyler*'s days:
A murmuring Race, a factious *Owling Crew*,
Who hate the State, and pay not *Cæſar*'s due,
Direct the *Senate* how their Courſe to ſteer,
And talk of Shipwrack when no Storm is near.
Will *Egypt* ever their bleſt Shoar invade,
From whence they flouriſh by the Owling Trade?
By War they thrive, and by a Peace decay;
And Thieves love Night, becauſe they're caught by Day.
But ſhould our Senate the Grand Cauſe defer,
To hear the Stuff of each *Petitioner*,
Well might the Nation ſuch their Actions ſcorn,
And hiſs them home upon their curſt Return;
To *Goal* much better were their *Hero's* ſent,
Where they might cool their Brains, if not repent.

This to their Names a mighty Sanction gave,
And Goals and Fetters do become the Brave;
They're Saints and Martyrs, and as many things
As factious Laurel o're their Temples brings.
The Crowd envenom'd at their juſt Reſtraint,
In Curſes lengthen out their lewd Complaint.

In former days we truly did aver,
They lov'd the Cauſe, but not the Sufferer:

They let their Patriots in the days of yore
Periſh in Goals and wallow in their Gore;
They now of Feaſts and mighty Viands boaſt,
And Tables fill'd with Faction Boil'd and Roaſt:
With mighty haſte unto the Banquet ran
The *Calves* of *Bethel* and the *Goats* of *Dan*;
Inſatiate Guts whole Hecatombs devour,
They'l feaſt their Paunches, tho they ſtarve their Poor;
The Wine which round their factious Tables ſent,
Sparkles like Wild-fire at the *Parliament*.
Of Clubs 'gainſt Kings we've heard of o're and o're,
But never 'gainſt our *Senators* before.
For tho to feaſt the *Hero's* they did join,
Againſt the *Parliament* was the Deſign.

The looſe *Apoſtates*, to make good their Cauſe,
Trump up their Freedoms and the Nations Laws;
Strange *Senate!* would o're Murmurers prevail,
And not allow the Saints a Pow'r to rail!
In their Defence they falſe Concluſions bring,
As if the *Senate* did oppoſe the *King*:
Thus Contraries together do ſubſiſt,
When every *Rebel* is a *Loyaliſt*:
When thoſe who muzzl'd *Kings* but heretofore,
Now for *Prerogative* ſo loudly roar.
The *King* thus ſuffers by Apoſtate Minds,
And for Obedience only Faction finds.

In vain of Proweſs juſteſt proofs he gave,
That he is Bold and reſolutely Brave;
The miſcreant Crowd which trumpets out his Fame,
Withers his Lawrels, and blaſphemes his Name,
Whoſe vileſt Breaths united in Applauſe,
Blacken his Fame and ſcandalize his Cauſe.
His Name each ſawcy Scribler does rehearſe,
Is by a *Blockhead* ſcandaliz'd in Verſe;
Whoſe *Arthur*'s Ballad in his Monarch's Praiſe
Has got Renown like that of *Chevy-Chaſe*:
But Nobler Pens his Hiſtories ſhall write
Whilſt he does with his *Parliament* unite;
The only means to make his Honours great,
To ſtrengthen Us, and *Egypt* to defeat.

Stop here, my Muſe ----- in keeneſt Numbers ſing
Him who of *Eglon* is deputed K-----;
Skill'd in deep Myſteries, and Tricks of State,
He early grew by Foreign Councils great;
Whoſe blackeſt Annals do ſad Treaſons tell
Againſt thy Peace, bewilder'd *Iſrael!*
Brib'd, 'gainſt thy Native Rights he does adhere,
To *Egypt*'s Intereſt a Penſioner.
What Helliſh Artifices did he uſe
In Foreign Embaſſies againſt the *Jews?*
There he their Holy Oracles abhor'd,
Which were pronounc'd by the Almighty Word;

And in their ſtead endeavour'd to erect
Polluted Fanes with Heathen Gambols deck'd;
A Curs'd Religion, where the Prieſts are Knaves,
And their deluded Votaries are Slaves.
At home what Miſchiefs did he ſtill create,
Unhappy *Iſrael*, againſt thy State?
How great a Conqueſt did he lately win,
When he diſſolv'd the Meeting Sanhedrin;
Whoſe ſpeedy Seſſion and mature Debate
Was ſo conſiſtent with thy ſinking State?
What can a Traitor now in *Eglon* do
But old Deſigns and Villanies purſue?
And when by Fate our preſent K----- ſhall fall,
He home from Exile will another call,
Who of our Sorrows ſhall augment the Flood,
And drown our Country in its Natives Blood.

To theſe the *Foreigners* are alſo join'd,
Alike in Virtue, and alike in Mind;
The Partnerſhip is moſt exactly made,
They ſhare in Faction as they do in Trade:
The *Senate's* Rights they impudently brave,
Who gave 'em all the Freedoms which they have.
Thus the kind Hand is oftentimes accurſt,
Bit by the Vipers which its Boſom nurſt.

If freeborn States or People any more
Such abject *Foreign Runnegades* adore,

Deſpiſe their Country-men, lampoon their *Birth*,
And quit their Native Title to their Earth,
Betray their Offspring, and ſupplant their Heirs,
May the forgotten Fate of *Troy* be theirs!

Long time had *Troy* thro various Tumults paſt,
And War's rough Force laid all her Countries waſte;
Ravag'd by *Greeks* and *Foreign* Foes from far,
*Troy* was the Ghaſtly Skeleton of War:
*Laomedon* and *Priam* being dead,
Each petty State did *Ilium*'s Peace invade;
Storm'd from without, and ſtill betray'd within,
Each *Foreign* Foe did daily Conqueſts win.
*Æneas* with *Antenor* did betray,
And give the Peoples Liberty away.
In vain they to their numerous Gods complain,
And poor *Caſſandra* propheſies in vain:
Men void of Senſe as Stones within their Wall,
And ſenſeleſs as thoſe Stones, they downwards fall.
The *Propheteſs* was not at all believ'd,
Men born for Ruin always are deceiv'd:
Tho ſhe inſpir'd by Great *Apollo*, told
What was to come, and what was done of old;
Yet was ſhe deem'd by their nefarious Votes
A ſilly ſenſeleſs thing in Petticoats,
And not believ'd till *Troy* was paſt redreſs,
Then every Tongue their Folly did confeſs.

*Troy*'s now no more, but is in pieces daſh't,
And Plowſhares rattle where the Swords have claſh't.

And ſuch, dear *Iſrael*, ſuch will be thy fate,
Such dire Events will on thy Fortunes wait!
Such vaſt Deſtruction will thy Folly crown,
And who will pity thee when thou'rt undone?
We pity thoſe whom Fate drives on the Shelves,
But never ſuch as ſteer to ſplit themſelves.
What careful Mariner would truſt his Ship
To *Foreign* Pilots on the ſpacious Deep?
Are we thus void of Art and Letters grown?
Have we not able Steers-men of our own?
Have we not able Stateſmen grave and wiſe,
Fitter to be employ'd in *Embaſſies*?
Muſt *Foreign* Councils manage our Intrigues,
And make our *Treaties*, and confirm our *Leagues*?
If ſo, our State will daily backward run,
And we make mighty haſte to be undone:
If ſuch Diſtraction happen in our Land,
And we to *Foreigners* do yield Command;
By *Jove* inſpir'd, I piouſly divine,
*Troy*'s Fate is *Iſrael*'s, poor *Caſſandra*'s mine.

*F I N I S.*

---

*The following Poems are ſold by* M. Fabian *at* Mercers-Chappel.

THE Foreigners. Price 6 *d.* A Deſcription of Mr. *Dryden*'s Funeral. Price 6 *d.* The Way to Heaven in a String, or Mr. *Aſgil*'s Argument burleſqu'd. Price 6 *d.* An Epiſtle to Sir *Richard Blackmore*, occaſion'd by the New Seſſion of Poets. Price 6 *d.*

143052